



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GETTING INTO HIS ARMOR.



FOR PRESIDENT:
WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOMAS R. MARSHALL of Indiana.

Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1859. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1912.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

CONVERSATION IS VEXATION.

FOLKS who are fond of storytelling sometimes tell one about a certain parrot. After a series of adventures, which shall go unmentioned here, the parrot remarked with surprising sagacity: "I know what's the matter with me; I talk too much." The matter with the Parrot and the matter with Colonel ROOSEVELT are one and the same. Both talk too much. But whereas the Parrot knew it, there is no certainty that the fact has occurred to the Colonel. If anything can convince him, however, the recent testimony of J. PIERPONT MORGAN before the Senate Committee should turn the trick. Until he read a report of that testimony in the newspapers, Colonel ROOSEVELT had no idea that Mr. MORGAN contributed heavily to the ROOSEVELT campaign fund in 1904. Neither was he aware that other men, of almost equal prominence in the corporate world, had "come across" in that now famous year. Needless to say, he did not know that nearly three-quarters of the money paid that fall to the Republican coffers came from corporations. With all these astounding facts he has only recently become acquainted. Eight years ago, however, in that very campaign of 1904, he organized the Ananias Club and made ALTON B. PARKER its charter member because Judge PARKER declared on the stump that "the Trusts" were financing the Republican Party. In 1912 he admits he did not know, but in 1904, he *did* know, and he denied what he now knows, and everybody else knows, to have

been true. Making reasonable allowance for partisan exaggeration in Judge PARKER's pre-election charges that year, "the Trusts" were financing three-quarters of the Republican campaign anyway; near enough to the truth, it would seem, to deprive Judge PARKER of any resemblance to the late ANANIAS. Like the Parrot, the Bull Moose talked too much, and now his only valid excuse is that he "did n't know." If he did not give a certificate of good character to every one with whom he happens to be associated—good because they happen to be associated politically with *him*—how much smoother the Colonel's path would be! If he would only say, as said the parrot: "I know what's the matter with me; I talk too much."

WE live and learn, and we are mighty glad that we lived long enough to learn this:

"The population of the United States is, in round numbers, one hundred million people; ninety-three million, to be exact. Receipts for tariff duties for the year ended July 1 were three hundred and twelve million dollars. YOU pay just \$3.46 a year for protecting the country and for insuring YOURSELF against the competition of the cheap labor and huge surplus manufactures of Germany and England, France and Italy, and other countries. Under absolute free trade, with all duties removed, you could not save more than \$3.46 a year."

The above is part of a campaign advertisement put out by the Republican National Committee. It is part of a long wail of warning against "those who would tinker with the tariff" and put the American people "into

another slough of uncertainty and despair." How sound its logic is may be judged, perhaps, from the above extract. "You pay," says the Committee, "just \$3.46 a year for protecting the country;" that representing the customs receipts for one year divided by the population of the United States. "Under absolute free trade," the Solons of the committee continue, "you could not save more than \$3.46 a year." Which means, in other words, that under "absolute free trade" imports to the United States would be no greater than they are now under high protection. The barriers would be down, but there would be no increase of foreign importations. If this is the case—and we have it on the authority of the Republican National Committee—what becomes of the foreign cheap labor scare? Where is that grave and grim peril, "the pauper-made goods of Europe"?

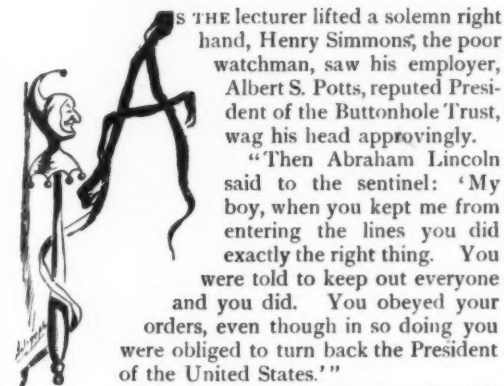


THAT KILL-JOY BIRD, THE WHIP-POOR-WILLIAM.

THE BULL MOOSE VERSION.

My country, 't is of ME,
Author of liberty,
To ME I sing.
Long may my land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect ME in my might—
Great God, I'm KING!

HENRY OBEYS ORDERS.



As the lecturer lifted a solemn right hand, Henry Simmons, the poor watchman, saw his employer, Albert S. Potts, reputed President of the Buttonhole Trust, wag his head approvingly.

"Then Abraham Lincoln said to the sentinel: 'My boy, when you kept me from entering the lines you did exactly the right thing. You were told to keep out everyone and you did. You obeyed your orders, even though in so doing you were obliged to turn back the President of the United States.'"

That night, as Henry mounted watch over the Potts Buttonhole Factory, he remembered that it was the fourth time he had run across this particular story. A newspaper had credited it to Washington, a preacher to Julius Cæsar, and a magazine to Napoleon Bonaparte. But they were common in agreeing that the sentinel had done a fine thing in sticking to orders.

"Oh," thought Henry, "how I wish I might prove my worth to my dear employer in that very way!"

He had hardly spoken the words when he saw an automobile draw up at the curb, and observed a portly person run around the corner of the building. His chance had come!

Rushing from the moonlight into the shadow he confronted the man, who was fitting a key into the lock. It was Mr. Potts, owner of the factory.

"You can't get in here," said Henry simply.

"Tra-la-la," said Mr. Potts (in substance). "I'm Albert S. Potts. You know me as well as you know yourself. I own this factory and I'll go in when I tra-la-la please."

"No!" said Henry firmly. "You gave me orders to allow no one to enter after the building had been closed for the night."

"You be tra-la-la," replied Mr. Potts in a



THE FAT BOY FROM "PICKWICK."

"DAMN THAT BOY! HE'S GONE TO SLEEP AGAIN!"

hoarse roar, and with a quick sidestep attempted to uppercot his faithful employee.

But Henry was more than there with a leg-rip which landed Mr. Potts on his back and in the middle of a nebulous cloud of verbiage.

"Am I to understand," said Henry, pained and surprised both, "that you are displeased with the frank, manly, and honest way in which I have obeyed orders?"

"Displeased!" shrieked Mr. Potts. "Why, tra-la-la——" (or words to that effect).

But, as Henry knew he was only doing his duty, neither jeers nor jibes turned him. So when Mr. Potts, with fire in his eye, attempted to rise, Henry drew his watchman's club and rapped Mr. Potts twice over the bean.

Then he took Mr. Potts's money and watch and stickpin and a handsome seal-ring and went away into the night.

The next morning the Congressional Investigating Committee pounced down on Mr. Potts's books, and finding therein the full account of the Buttonhole Trust they made Mr. Potts cough till he felt like he had a permanent bone in his throat. What they did to him was a caution.

As for Henry Simmons, the next day a bitter and disillusioned man walked up to a Burglar Supply House in Chicago, and after taking out a license, bought a regular Number Three Outfit with an extra heavy blackjack.

Moral.—It ain't got no moral. H. W.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.



THE TURBAN HAT, THE PUMPKIN —



—AND THE EMULATIVE NANNY-GOAT.



CARVING HIS OWN STONE.

THE ELEPHANT HAS A HUNCH THAT SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

THE DIGNIFIED MAN.

PITY, oh, pity the dignified man,
Who never can act like the rest of us can.
You and I, if we care to, can run half a block;
But if he should try it, 't would give us a shock;
For him all frivolity 's under the ban.
Pity, oh, pity the dignified man!



Pity, oh, pity the dignified one,
Who cannot unbend for a bit of mild fun,
Who has to be stately and sober and staid,
And stiff as a drum-major out on parade,
Who looks like a picture of George Washington.
Pity, oh, pity the dignified one!

Pity, oh, pity the dignified gent.
Who cannot indulge in undue merriment.
Whenever I see him I'm tempted, I own,
To give him a poke in the vest-pocket zone
To see if his marbleness cannot be bent.
Pity, oh, pity the dignified gent!

Pity, oh, pity the dignified chap,
Who looks so ridiculous in a mishap.
He slips in the mud, and it giveth delight;
His tie climbs his neck, and we laugh at the sight—
Things for which you and I would n't care half a rap—
Pity, oh, pity the dignified chap!

Then pity, oh, pity the dignified man
Who's made of a clay that 's the stiffest hardpan.
Poor fellow, he feels he is always on view
And cannot slouch even a minute or two.
In his night-shirt he must be a vision to scan,
Pity, oh, pity the dignified man!

Walter G. Doty.

HIS OWN MASTER.

"DRINKING beer? Why, I thought you were a temperance man."
"So I am; but I'm not a slave to the cold-water habit."

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A WOMAN who signs herself "Mrs. Bumble Bee" contributes a long letter to the Housekeepers' Confidential Column of a daily newspaper, in which she gives much housewifely advice to other feminine readers. From the tone of her letter she is evidently the wife of a small farmer, for she says: "I wish there were not so many bugs, and that every State in the Union would protect the birds better. I worry for this country a hundred years from now."

No doubt Mrs. Bumble Bee does truly worry, in her female conservationist soul, for the future of the country; but to look ahead a hundred years for one's trouble seems like borrowing it at a high rate of interest. Yet Mrs. Bumble Bee is only one of a large number of honest, fearful folks who carry with them the burden of a thousand disasters that never occur, and of ruin that is somehow always narrowly averted. The Prohibitionist looks mournfully forward to a sodden and helpless land of bibbers; and still the major part of us manage to take a drink now and then, get the business done, and go home to read the evening paper and enjoy domestic tranquility.

Mathematical proofs in plenty show that the ocean is drying up, that the supply of coal is giving out, that the oxygen in the air is gradually being absorbed, that the world is becoming cold at the core, that land is wearing out and food is bound to become extinct, and other woes that make borrowers of trouble like Mrs. Bumble Bee worry for the country a hundred years from now.

The fact is, we have managed to get along somehow so far, and the probability is that we can squirm through a few more centuries. Just as the world is on its last legs something turns up to give it another lease of existence. Most of the best literature of the world has been pessimistic, for the harder the average man thinks about the future the more evident it becomes that things can't go on much farther. There is only one successful optimist, Mother Nature—and she writes no books about her doctrine. She just plugs along, doing a little here and there, patching the torn spots, darning her socks, cobbling her shoes, and making the best of a very uncertain and wobbly property called Earth.



THE DISTRICT LEADER.

WHO SAYS THAT WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME!

Happy is that woman who cannot see how her daughters are going to get as good husbands as she herself did.

THE BULL MOOSE.

(AFTER EDGAR ALLEN POE.)

HE was neither weak nor weary, buoyant rather, blithe and cheery,
While he sat and idly pondered over victories in store.
Now, the time was nearly midnight, so I'm not quite sure it
did right
Notwithstanding, something slid right in upon his chamber floor,
Something huge, with spreading antlers, slid across his
chamber floor
Unannounced at Sagamore.

Startled from his sweet diversion by this unforeseen incursion,
Half in terror, half in anger, he was leaping for the door,
When the creature, winking slyly, took a sitting posture while he
Showed himself to be a highly cultured Bull Moose—nothing more,—
Just a great big awkward, straddling, russet Bull Moose, nothing more,
Sitting there upon the floor.

Seeing neither ghost nor hairy goblin, ghoul nor elfish fairy,
Deeming too, the friendly Moose a certain relevancy bore,
Back into the cushions sinking, past with future fondly linking,
He betook himself to thinking of the happy days of yore—
Of the wild and boisterous battling in the happy days of yore—
Days he'd conjure back once more.

"How now, Moose?" he chortled gaily. "You have seen my progress daily,
How I've tricked the people's fancy with my esoteric lore;
How I've massacred the bosses, more than covered all my losses,
Made the Fat Man twice as cross as he has ever been before!
Have n't I a bully chance to be what I have been before?"
Quoth the Bull Moose: "Nevermore!"

"Why, you lying knave and rascal, I've a better head than Pascal,
And besides I have the women folks all tugging at my oar.
I have found out what the rage is, so I've promised higher wages,
Setting forth that me the age is loudly calling to the fore.
Hark you, poor deluded mammal—calling 'Teddy' to the fore!"
Quoth the Bull Moose: "Nevermore!"

"Scurvy Beast!" exclaimed the Colonel, "quit your monotone infernal!
I've assumed a prophet's mantle, such as old Elijah wore.
I'm the modern Zoroaster, combination king and pastor,
Leading fast and ever faster to the 'Shining Glory Shore'—
Hymns and shouts from Armageddon guide us to the 'Glory Shore.'"
But the Bull Moose: "Nevermore!"

Then upreared he, white with passion, to be badgered in this fashion,
Seized an oaken cudgel, down upon the hapless brute he bore.
Madly, in a rage he battered, right and left the blows he scattered,
Till the furniture he shattered—furniture, and nothing more.
For the thing that seemed a Bull Moose vanished from his chamber floor—
Phantom he, and nothing more.

With an effort now he vainly tries to pluck this grim ungainly
Phantom with its mournful threnody from out his bosom's core.
But the vision has the seeming of his own misgivings, teeming
Of the doubts that issue streaming, doubts he'd scarcely felt before;
And his soul is filled with voices, voices scarcely heard before—
Saying "Never! Nevermore!"

Coulter Lanier.





SIMILARITY.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN.—Only a small bunch of candidates out this year.
FOOTBALL COACH.—Small? Anybody'd think it was a call for candidates for the Vice-Presidency instead of for a football team!



IN NEW YORK.

HANK E. NOODLE came to town
With whiskers odd and funny.
A hold-up man he knocked him down
And ran off with his money.

He called a cop and bade him stop
The reckless spoliator.
"Oh, there's no hurry," said the cop,
"I'll get my divvy later."

"But what 'll I, Hank Noodle, do?
And what 'll I tell Mandy?"
"Tell her to come to the city, too;
Her money 'll come in handy!"

Walter G. Doty.

AIN'T SO?

ON the Explorer's knee the Promoter laid a hairy hand.
"Now, Chris," he went on, in his limpid Castilian, "it's up to you to bring home the bacon. Ain't so, Ferd?"

"Yup," assented His Majesty, sinking farther back into the heavily padded chair.

"You've got the ship, and you've got the men, and you've got the backing, and you've got great press-agent stuff. How about that story of Ferd's wife laying down all her jools so as to send you over? Pippin—huh?"

His Majesty regarded the ceiling with complacency. "I thought of that myself," he said.

"Of course you did," agreed the Promoter hastily, "all the best ideas

in this thing have come from Ferd. But now listen, Chris: There's just one thing you oughta remember. You don't have to get there."

The Explorer started. "I don't have to get there? Why, that's just what I'm sailing for—to prove that the earth is round, and that by sailing west you can get to Asia."

The Promoter dropped his voice to a soothing monotone. "Of course, Chris, of course, and I don't blame no young man for having aspirations—I've had 'em myself. All I say is that you don't have to actually get there. Ain't so, Ferd?"

"But what's the use of sailing at all if I'm not going to get anywhere?"

"Now, Chris! Ain't you got eyes in your head? What do I want with Asia? What does Ferd want with Asia? What do you want with Asia? Nothing. But who does? Why

the Boobs—the BOOBS! They're

just pining away for Asia;

they're hollering for Asia in

their sleep. 'Own a Little

Farm in Asia,' we'll tell 'em.

'Get yourself a slave plan-

tation where the pigtails

grow, and stop being a

wage-slave. We are de-

veloping this splendid new

country, which we own, and

which is unquestionably the

country of the Future. *We*

want you to have it! Write

in for our Easy-Payment

Plan and buy now, as

shares will double

next week."

"But you say I don't have to get there."

"Why should you?

We aren't any trans-

portation company.

We sell 'em the plan-

tations and they can

go over and get 'em

themselves. That's fair

enough. Your sailors won't

squeal, because something

sudden will happen to 'em as

soon as they land. Ain't so,

Ferd?" His Majesty nodded.

The Explorer shook his

head. "I'm going to try to get there."

"Go as far as you like," said the promoter easily. "Get there if you can, and if you find any gold-bar lying around, bring it back—we can use it. But just remember, my boy," and the Promoter rose to lay a kindly hand on the Explorer's shoulder, "that the money to-day ain't in doing work yourself—it's in getting a lot of people to pay you for the chance to do the work themselves. And when you quit the sea you got to cut out a lot of these ideal notions of yours if you ever expect to be a good business man. Ain't so, Ferd?"

Horatio Winslow.

IN EVERY ELECTION-BOOTH.

IF IN DOUBT AS TO HOW YOU OUGHT TO VOTE, ASK THE BASKET.



THE FIRST STEP.

JUDGE (sternly).—To what do you attribute your downfall?

CULPRIT.—The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote.

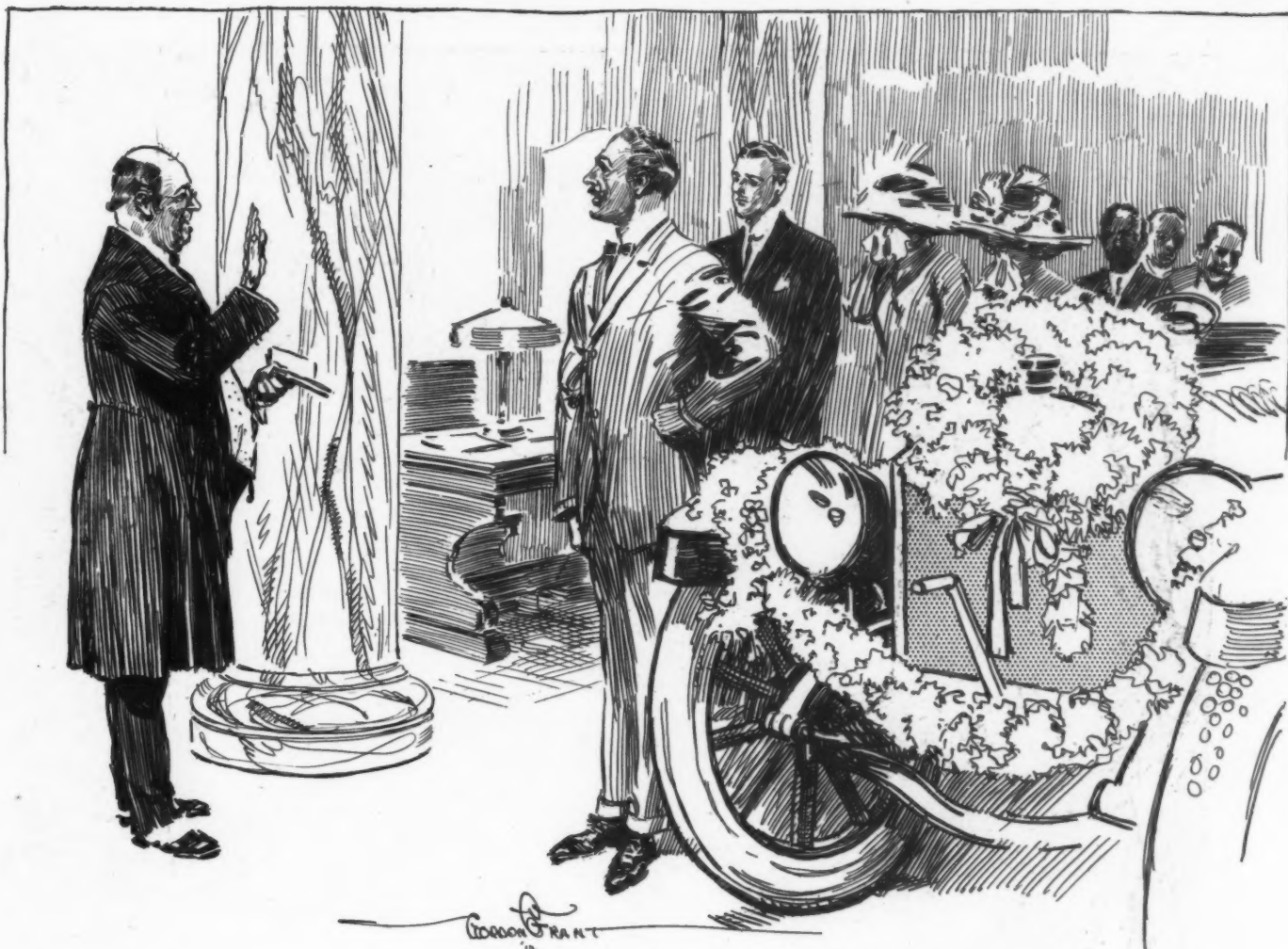
HAPPINESS.

GABRIEL.—Is she satisfied with her mansion in the sky?

ST. PETER.—Yes. It was in perfect condition, but we re-papered it all over for her.



EVOLUTION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.



THE NEW RITUAL.

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.—Who giveth this automobile away?

SALESMAN (*stepping forward*).—Considering the standing of our firm, our well-known guarantee, the low price asked, and the decreased vibration, rich black body, sweet running qualities, increased power, and unsurpassed flexibility of the machine—I feel that, to all intents and purposes, I am giving her away.

GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.—John Smith, do you take this automobile for better or worse; for uphill or down; for rough roads or smooth? Do you promise to nurse her over hard going and to be tender with her tires? Do you promise to keep her in magnetos and carburetors and bearings and lubrication and enamel? To baby her when she falters; to repair her when she breaks down; and to blow about her superb running qualities all the time to everybody till the second-hand dealer do you part? In that case, by the authority vested in me by the Automobile Fanatics of the World, I pronounce you One!

A DISCOURAGED MERCHANT.

HAVE you crackers of any kind?" asked one of an automobile party as he entered a little store by the roadside nine miles from the nearest town.

"No, I'm jest out o' crackers," was the reply. "I had some last week, but a man come along here the other day and bought all I had—darn it all! Seems like as soon as I lay in a stock of anything someone comes along and buys it all o' me, an' I got to bother round gittin' more."

"Have you any sardines?"

"Not a one. I got a dozen boxes a couple o' months ago, but some fellers on a 'fishin' touse come along the other day an' bought the last two boxes—plague take 'em! Seems as though I can't keep nothin' on hand fer my customers!"

"Well, have you any oranges or fruit of any other kind?"

"No, I ain't. I got half-a-box o' oranges two or three weeks ago an' a auto load o' people



A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

come along an' grabbed up the last of 'em the other day. I told 'em that if they tuk 'em all I'd jest have to git some more, an' I'd a good mind not to let 'em have 'em."

"My wife wants a spool of white thread. Have you any?"

"Sold the last spool I had Sat'day, dang it all! I tell ye, this keepin' store is mighty discouragin' bizness. Soon as you lay in a lot o' stuff—someone comes in an' buys it all off'n you an' you got to hustle around an' git more. A man come in this mornin' an' bought the last bit o' cheese I had, an' here I was 'lottin' on havin' it last a couple o' weeks yet. It discourages me so sellin' things most as soon as I git 'em on the shelves that I've a good mind to sell out an' go back to farmin' where you ain't pestered the way you are when you keep sto'. I'm plum discouraged!"

M. M. M.

LET well enough alone," remarked the man who leased his house without the help of an agent.

It may be stated as almost axiomatic that the average fish-bone is easier to swallow than the average fish story.



THE PUCK PRESS

IN THE POLITICAL W

"Don't be frightened, Sammy. They can't hurt y

PUCK



LITICAL WOODS.

ey can't hurt you while I am with you."



A REPORTER got at President Baer of the Reading the other day and asked him to express himself on the recent action of the Interstate Commerce Commission ordering a number of important freight-rate reductions. The railroad man listened to the question with a quiet smile. "If you had your head in a lion's mouth, young man," he replied, "and someone came along and asked you to pinch the lion's tail, would you do it?"

"I WANT to buy my coal for this winter—ten tons of stove and twenty tons of furnace."

"We can let you have it all right, Mr. Smith, but the price is pretty well up, you know. The coal strike last spring—"

"What coal strike? There wasn't any coal strike last spring."

"Why, yes, Mr. Smith. There wasn't exactly a strike, but for quite a while, you know, they weren't doing much at the mines. We're awfully short on our supplies."

"The coal companies saw that they were apt to have trouble with their men this spring long before the trouble actually came, didn't they? And isn't it a well-known fact that they piled up a big extra amount of coal in anticipation of a shut-down?"

"Yes, but those supplies—"

"And isn't it a fact, borne out by the companies' own earnings statements, that production has been on a record-breaking basis ever since last May?"

"Yes, but—"

"There's no 'yes, but' about it, Mr. Dealer, and your 'shortage of supplies' is pure bunk. But I know that whatever other dealer I go to will charge me exactly the same, so here's my order."

"And this is the kind of thing the Government lets go on," Smith mutters as he walks out, "while it spends its time and money prosecuting the Gum-drop Trust and the combine that makes shoe-buttons!"

HE was of a type that you don't often see in the Wall Street district, but somehow he had strayed down there. He was utterly unkempt, his clothing in rags, his hat battered out of all semblance of shape. A can tied to a string would hardly have heightened the effect of complete dilapidation.

Just in front of Morgan's office a very colored gentleman, the banner of Socialism fluttering behind him, was haranguing a crowd of messenger boys, runners, and the usual riff-raff that collects in Wall Street as if by magic every time anything happens that promises some excitement. The dilapidated one sauntered over and took a position on the edge of the crowd. "You lily-handed ones here in Wall Street," the orator was just declaiming, "you wearers of scented clothing—"

"E's referrin' to me," stated the tramp in a loud, hoarse whisper, at the same time giving the

open-mouthed messenger-boy in front of him a sudden and vigorous shove.

"—You capitalists, are you conducting the affairs of this world as you should, or are you—"

"We are! We are! We are!" the tramp shouted. "Mr. Morgan and me—" But what the details of the partnership were will never be known, for at this point a husky policeman who had

come up from behind seized the battered one by the collar, whirled him around, and with a marvelously accurate kick started him flying down the street.

"THERE'S one advantage in buying a stock over selling it short," remarked the man at the ticker. "The stock may go down to nothing, but that's the limit of your loss. It isn't like being short, where they can squeeze you for an indefinite amount."

"Oh, is that so?" replied the unfortunate whose "straight tip" on Chicago Subway had been the joke of the office for months. "Well, I paid the assessment of five dollars a share on my Subway the other day. I see it's four dollars bid now—just sold at four-fifty. A few more assessments and a little more market action like that, and the position I'll be in will make that of the man short of a cornered stock look easy."

DISPATCH from out Kansas way: "In the last game of the season, King Corn, generally acknowledged the speediest base-runner in the Agricultural League, slid home on one of the greatest plays of his career. Starting on a scratch single, the Cobb of the League ran wild on the bases, sliding into the plate just as Catcher Jack Frost was about to put the ball on him. It was a fitting close to one of the greatest seasons the League has ever had." Franklin.

ALL INCLUDED.

VISITOR.—What is the population of your town?

HOST.—Wait a minute till I get my wife's Christmas list and see.

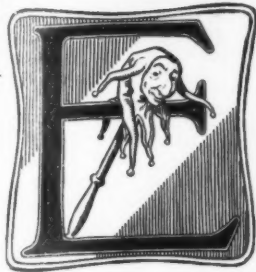


SHE SAID IT FIRST.

"Nobody's got anything on me," snickered the Lady Godiva as she continued to ride through Coventry.

The price of beef is rising so rapidly that after a while the rich man will have cows on his lawn instead of fatwens.

THE ADVENTURES OF EZRA PERK.



EZRA PERK was what you would call a Near-Bachelor. Twenty years had passed since Mr. Perk and his wife split upon the rock of city versus country residence, — and this, after being only six months married. Mrs. Perk was a Miss Harriet Jones, of New York. Mr. Perk had lived all his years in Wing Hollow, Connecticut. With the waning of her honeymoon, Mrs. Perk had tired of the country. She tied blue ribbons round the horns of a budding young steer one day, and he playfully knocked her down. She reported this to her husband, and that hardened farmer laughed:

it was the beginning of the end: Mrs. Perk lost interest in all the live-stock about the place, Ezra included.

She visited her mother in the city. She stayed three months. Three more. Then Ezra sent both her trunks to her, and all her possessions. She never came back.

Twenty years! Ezra Perk's face was gnarled and ruddy and wistful. Twenty years had touched his hair with silver and made his footsteps, not less alert, but a bit shorter.

Ezra came one bright June day into the possession of eighteen thousand dollars by inheritance. He had ten thousand in the bank that he'd laboriously saved in his bachelor life on the farm for twenty years. Twenty-eight thousand dollars in ready money, and he but fifty-seven years old! All summer long Mr. Perk pondered.

Ezra Perk decided to spend a winter in the city. He fell to wondering if Mrs. Harriet J. Perk could have been right about the advantages of city life. But, dear me, *thet* wuz too long ago t' think about. Ezra's romance was all in the far-away. It was like the memory of a delicate color; the thought of a long-ago twilight; the fragrance of the flowers that garlanded a little girl's May basket, when you ran and caught her, and kissed her.

Ezra's face was wistful. He shaved it clean and went to New York, October first.

Ezra Perk bought a newspaper and looked for rooms to rent. He picked out an advertisement that said: "Elegantly furnished front and back rooms, singly or en suite; breakfast optional."

The maid showed him one "singly" that would cost twelve dollars per week to occupy. At first he thought she meant per month; discovering his mistake, he requested the honor of being shown to a less pretentious boudoir. He took a top-floor back at \$4.50 per week. The maid departed.

"Ezry!" said Mr. Perk, as he sat on the edge of his narrow bed, "yeou air a-beginnin' t' spend money!"

Ezra Perk had a sensitive ear. A voice-culture studio was in full blast within thirty feet of Mr. Perk's top-floor back. He did n't mind that; there was an interesting-looking girl there, who often stuck her head out at the swinging window. And she smiled at Mr. Perk.

What really worried Mr. Perk, what worried everybody in the vicinity, what worried the pleasant-faced girl who had smiled at Mr. Perk, was a fiend who dwelt in the studio directly under that of the pleasant-faced girl. This person had a piano that was criminal, a touch like a battering-ram, and an insane desire to practise "strengthening exercises" from about 8:30 till 10:30 or 11 each evening. It sounded like a load of tinware falling downstairs.

At precisely 8:30 o'clock on a certain evening the ruffian began a series of movements designed especially to drive men mad. Ezra Perk sat by his open window. In one hand he held a rolling-pin; in the other a large tin pan. As the ruffian struck the piano, Mr. Perk violently attacked his pan. The ruffian ceased. Mr. Perk paused. The ruffian began. Mr. Perk resumed. The men engaged in deadly duello for one terrific hour. Then the window in the studio of the ruffian was swung to with a spiteful bang, and the piano was silent.

Ezra Perk sat by his open window the next night, rolling-pin and tin pan ready for action, waiting for the pianist to begin his nightly assault.

Mr. Perk's top-floor back being one story higher than the pianist's studio, he had a bit of advantage: he could look down and in at the open window, and observe exactly when the ruffian was about to batter the piano keys. Mr. Perk anticipated him by a couple of seconds, hitting his pan a mighty crash, and banging it on his own window ledge six times in quick succession. The ruffian came angrily to his window and put his head forth. Ezra Perk performed a violent and fantastic storm-at-sea effect upon his large tin pan. Then all was silent, save for the roar of the Elevated in the distance. The fellow withdrew and began upon his piano again. Mr. Perk let him thump a minute or two. Reaching under his bed, he drew forth a cow-bell which he had purchased at an agricultural implement store, and placed it within reach. The ruffian at the piano was now going at a pretty pace: "Thump r-r-rip r-r-rippp-roar-crash crash jangle bang bang!"

"Bang, bang, bang, rattle jingle bang!" This was Ezra Perk, performing upon his tin pan. He got a great variation by beating it on the window ledge.

The man who had been playing at the piano came to his window and screamed: "What dthe h—ll 're ye doin'?"

Ezra Perk thought he detected a slight Irish accent in the gentleman's mode of speech. Whereat Mr. Perk resolved, *instantly*, to be diplomatic.

"I'm a-practisin'," he replied, in dulcet but clarion tone.

The pianist withdrew. But immediately he attacked his piano with redoubled violence, obviously being infuriated.



THE BIG NOISE!

"You take it from your Uncle Silas, the one best bet in a jimmy-pipe smoke is Prince Albert, the big noise in the 5c toppy cloth bag and 10c tidy red tin.

"Get this—P. A. *can't* bite your tongue, because the sting's cut out by a patented process. No other tobacco can be so bully good as Prince Albert, the national joy smoke, whether it's jammed into a jimmy-pipe or rolled into a cigarette!

"Get P. A. right around the corner, whether you're in 'Frisco, Boston, Winnipeg or El Paso!"

Ezra Perk also resumed. Amid a perfect storm of sound from Mr Perk's rolling-pin and tin pan the piano player's head came forth again from his window. Noting this, Mr. Perk paused.

The pianist repeated his original query as to what dthe h—ll Mr. Perk was doin'—only he did n't call Mr. Perk by his own name, but by several appellations much more fanciful.

There were fifty persons at near-by windows who heard Ezra Perk's reply: "I told yeou I was practisin'; I 'm agoin' t' practise reg'lar ev'ry night. I got t' be ready t' go on the stage—be yeou acquainted with any fellers yeou think would like t' hear me play on my *instreument*? I think it beats yourn t' death!"

There was a torrent of language from below. There was a swelling chorus of laughter from surrounding windows. In a momentary pause the fellow below began again such an abusive tirade that Mr. Perk seized his cow-bell; it was a good bell, and Ezra jangled it in masterly fashion.

The window of the pianist was closed—closed for the night. As Ezra Perk turned from his own window, his face alight with the consciousness of a good deed, he confronted the smiling, admiring countenance of Lucie, the maid. Lucie was a French maid, and had come to regard Mr. Perk with a pretty affection known to the French when they find you quite amusing.

Lucie advanced to Ezra Perk with a quick little dash, and threw her arms about him in ecstatic joy.

"You are *magnifique*, by gar!" exclaimed Lucie.

Ezra Perk sat by the open window in his top-floor back one fine morning a few days after Lucie had kissed him, watching clouds of dust issue from the window of the studio where the piano-pounding person had lived.

He was to live there no more: he was moving. There had been a four-nights' warfare: Ezra Perk had beat his tin pan and jangled his cow-

(Concluded on Page Fourteen.)



**That
"Awful Smart"
Your Shaving Soap Did It**

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

**Use
MENNEN'S
SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoys a cool, comfortable shave.



Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires no "rubbing in" to soften the beard. You lather and then shave. Saves time, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



SUSPICIOUS.

"My father talked me into taking a course in domestic science."
"And how do you like domestic science?"
"Well, it looks like ordinary kitchen-work to me. If my suspicions are confirmed, I shall drop the course and make father buy me a fifty-dollar hat."—*Washington Herald.*

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

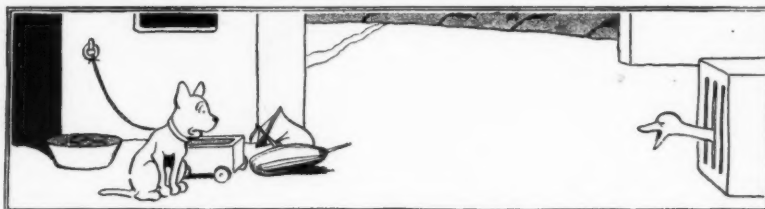
Scented, or not, as you prefer

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.
—Do you cook lobster?
NEW COOK. — Always, mum. Do you eat yours raw?
—*Brooklyn Life.*

TEACHER (reading). — "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Why was that so, Willie?
WILLIE. — Because there were no individual drinking-cups. *Chaparral.*

THE DOG-TO-DUCK EXPRESS: DINING-CAR.

FIDO, THE FOOD-PROVIDER: A POTATO FOR THE FAMISHING DUCK.



OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY

THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED STILL THE BEST.

Note style of bottling

This is the Guaranteed Original Package.

A taste that you can recognize and a smoothness that you will remember.

BERNHHEIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



Puck Proofs

By Hill.

HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, 14 x 12 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE OPTIC NERVE.
Proof in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.

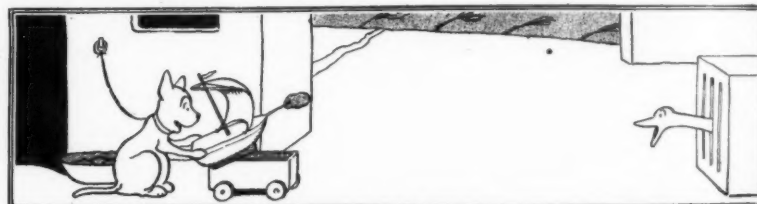
By W. E. Hill.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

These are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette St.
NEW YORK

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—**



11.

THE JABBERWOcky OF AUTHORS.
"T was gilbert. The kchesterton Did locke and bennett in the reed. All meredith was nicholson, And harrison outqueed.

Beware the see-enn-william, son,
The londonjack with call that's wild.
Beware the gertroo datherton
And richardwashburnchild.

He took his brady blade in hand;
Long time the partridge foe he sought.
Then stood a time by the oppenheim
In deep mcnaughton thought.

In warwick deeping thought he stood—
He poised on edithwharton brink;
He cried: "Ohbernardshaw! I could
If basilking would kink."

Rexbeach! —and each on each
O. Henry's mantles ferber fell.
It was the same'sif henryjames
Had wally eaton well.

"And hast thou writ the greatest book?
Come to thy birmingham, my boy!
Oh, beresford way! Oh, holman day!"
He kiplinged in his joy.

"T was gilbert. The kchesterton Did locke and bennett in the reed. All meredith was nicholson, And harrison outqueed.

—*Evening Mail.*

CONGRATULATED.

PRIZE-FIGHTER (entering school with his son). — You give this boy o' mine a thrashin' yesterday, did n't yer?

SCHOOLMASTER (very nervous). — Well—I—er—perhaps—

PRIZE-FIGHTER. — Well, give us yer 'and; you're a champeen. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself. — *London Punch.*

EDWARDS FIREPROOF STEEL GARAGES

For Automobiles and Motorcycles

\$30 to \$200

Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Postal brings latest illustrated catalog.

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 240-290 Egleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

IF YOU LIKE HUNTING, FISHING, CAMPING,

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

This magazine contains 160 pages or more, crammed from cover to cover with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of Field, Wood and Stream. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription with watch box \$1.00.

Special Trial Offer

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for 3 months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c), ashtray, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

W.
ER
EY

YOUR
ATHER
BEST.

style
tling
the
teed
nal
age.

that
nd a
will

SONS
SE,
YORE.

ES
cycles
00

portable.
brings
catalog.
inastit.

NG,
ING,
the
NAL
MAN

160
a mmed
over with
stories of
camping
which will
ou. This
will lure
way from
riend of
k to the
here of
Stream.
Yearly
h watch

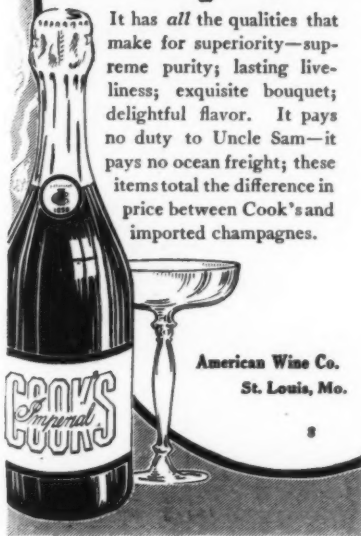
Trial
er

25 cents.
or coin,
will send
National
an for \$
he, also
our heavy
shed Or
id Watch
regular
e, as here
ith russet
rap and
muckle.
Man.

Champagne Sense

What you want is quality. You don't care what the price may be—large or small—if only your taste as a connoisseur be pleased. That's why connoisseurs insist on

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra Dry
Champagne



It has all the qualities that make for superiority—supreme purity; lasting liveliness; exquisite bouquet; delightful flavor. It pays no duty to Uncle Sam—it pays no ocean freight; these items total the difference in price between Cook's and imported champagnes.

American Wine Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

AROUND THE RING.

Mary had a little ring, 't was given her by Joe.
And everywhere that Mary went that ring was sure to go.
She took the ring with her one day when she went out to tea.
Where she might show it to the girls, who numbered twenty-three;
And when the girls all saw that ring they made a great ado,
Exclaiming with one voice: "Has it at last got round to you?"
—*Liverpool Mercury.*

UP TO HIM.

HE.—If I should kiss you, what would happen?
SHE.—I should call father.
HE.—Then I won't do it.
SHE.—But father's in Europe.—
—*Lippincott's.*

IN PRACTICE.

HUSBAND.—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

WIFE.—Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.—*London Opinion.*

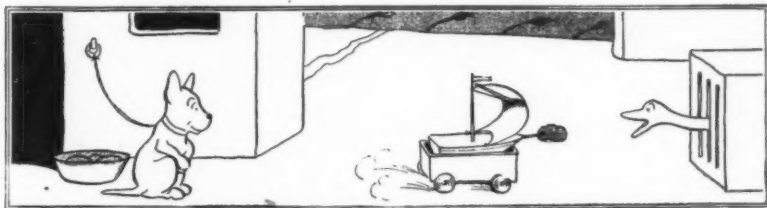
STANLEY IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Morgiana poured oil on the Forty Thieves.

"They will be worth more after they are dissolved," she cried.—*The Sun.*

MISS.—You earn fifty dollars a month. Before I marry you, you'll have to earn fifty dollars a week.

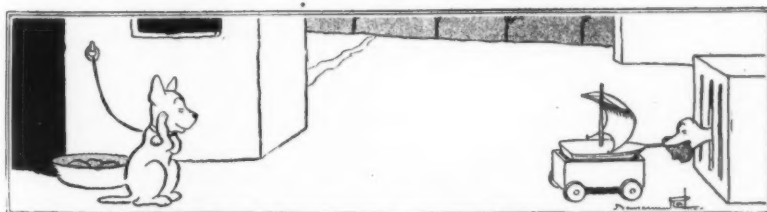
MISTER.—B-but with you a month would seem but a week.—*New York Globe.*



III.

SIMPLE LIFE.

"Yes, 'love in a cottage' will suit me real well,"
Said she, "if the cottage in which I'm to dwell
Is the ten-rooms-and-bath kind they nowadays build—
And is set in a garden all splendidly filled
With beauty to brighten our 'love's young dream,'—
And electrically lighted and heated by steam."
—*House Beautiful.*



IV.

—*The Sketch.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROPUTTY! PROPUTTY! PROPUTTY!

There are those in Scotland—and elsewhere—who appreciate the value of a generous marriage portion.

"Mac, I heard ye was courtin' bonny Kate Macpherson," said Donald to an acquaintance one morning.

"Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonny lass," was Mac's reply, "but I fund out she had nae siller, so I said to mysel, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was a man, and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."—*Exchange.*

For High Balls take

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

It blends perfectly
with all Whiskies

It makes them more wholesome.

AT THE end of the first six months of his pastorate Rev. Amos Johnson had learned the ways of his flock so thoroughly that he knew exactly how to deal with them. One Sunday the collection was deplorably slender. The next week Mr. Johnson made a short and telling speech at the close of his sermon.

"I don't want any man to gib more than his share, bredren," he said, gently bending toward the congregation, "but we must all gib according as de Lawd has blessed an' favored us and according to what we rightly hab.

"I say rightly hab, bredren," he went on, after a short pause, "because we don't want any tainted money in de box. Squire Janes told me dat he'd missed some chickens dis week. Now, if any one ob my pore benighted bredren has fallen by de way in connections wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from de box when it comes to him.

"Brudder Leroy, will you pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if dere's any one in de congregation dat needs me to wrastle in prayer for him?"
—*Youth's Companion.*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

**This is Not
a Hold-Up**

It is merely an
invitation to

SUBSCRIBE FOR

Puck



The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

AS A HOME PAPER PUCK WILL PLEASE YOU

- ☐ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☐ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☐ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☐ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name

Address

CHARTREUSE
GREEN AND YELLOW—

HAS STOOD
THE TEST
OF AGES
AND IS STILL
THE FINEST
CORDIAL EXTANT

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
Hartier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.



The young man took the only straw remaining in the tall glass the soda-counter man pushed toward him.

"It's the last straw," he chuckled.

"Yes," said the practical proprietor. "I've got a rush order in for a new supply, but I guess, maybe, if it's used carefully, that one will last until the fresh lot comes."

And then the young man put the straw right back in the glass again.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT!



From a Copyright Photograph
by Paul Hove, N. Y.

PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF THE Hon. Woodrow Wilson

In Colors, Size 14x21 inches Price Ten Cents

SECURELY WRAPPED AND MAILED
ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ALL Democrats and Progressives will want a copy of this life-like picture, which has been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the Democratic Nominee for the Presidency.

Address **PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York**

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

bell every time the piano fiend had made a flying start. The neighborhood took an acute interest in the duello, having suffered from the piano fiend long and intensely. Mr. Perk was hailed as a benefactor. Lucie, the maid, had explained to him that he was a hero, and that in France one always kissed a hero, whether he were married or not. Mr. Perk's Puritan conscience was therefore quite at rest.

It certainly was odd how the thought of that marriage of his, twenty years and more in the faded past, kept recurring to his mind since he had taken up residence in New York. On his farm in Wing Hollow, Connecticut, there had been six months at a time that he had n't thought of it.

His wife Hattie had the strangest little smile when he used to tell her he liked her; then there was that fluffy brown hair of hers, and that pinkness that used to surge into her cheeks when she was pleased—ah, well,—that was years and years ago—she was older now. He wondered if he'd been hasty in sending her trunks to her when she tired of the farm and stayed away six months? He had n't done it in anger—he'd just done it because he thought it was all over between them; he —

Mr. Perk was suddenly conscious of a girl's voice speaking to him from across the way; it was the bright-faced girl in the studio directly across from his top-floor back: "It was awfully good of you to make that man move!" she said, in a kind of low, tense tone, meantime pointing downward with a slender finger to the studio where the fiend had resided.

Mr. Perk grinned benignly. "He was a cuss to the neighborhood, *thet feller wuz!*"

"Everybody's awfully glad he's going," said the girl. She brushed back her hair from her forehead: it was fluffy and it was brown. Her cheeks had a pretty pink. Her odd little smile quite won Mr. Perk. Not since he had come to New York had he felt so neighborly. "Say," he confidentially asked, "be yeou a paintress?"

She smiled at him very questioningly. "I don't just know what you mean," she said.

"Do yeou paint picters—be yeou a lady painter?"

"Oh," she said. "No; mamma paints pictures, but I'm just a school-teacher. It's 'most time for me to be going to school now. Mamma'll be awfully glad that man has moved!" The bright-faced school-teacher made a quaint grimace. "Mamma's been away all the week, but she's coming back to-night. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Ezra Perk, heartily.

Saturday forenoon the little school-teacher leaned out over the chasm and engaged Mr. Perk in conversation.

He began talking to her about his farm in Connecticut. He mentioned the name of his own town.

"Wing Hollow?—that's a funny name!" said the little school-ma'am. She withdrew her head from the window to answer somebody within who had spoken to her,—her mother, probably.

Mr. Perk had n't seen the mother yet.

"What's your name?" asked the girl, suddenly reappearing.

"Ezra Perk."

Again she quickly withdrew.

"Mamma wants you to call and see us," said the girl, once more addressing Mr. Perk; "she used to know a man that lived in Wing Hollow, Connecticut, and his name was Ezra Perk."

The bright-faced girl withdrew, manifestly in a flutter of excitement, and the window was closed; then it was reopened.

"Mamma says please call as soon as you can!" she said.

Being of a deliberate habit, Mr. Perk prepared for his call in a deliberate fashion. He shaved his face very carefully. Then he put on his new blue necktie, his best suit of clothes, and an immaculate fall overcoat. It set him off well. He was quite spruce, was Ezra Perk.

The bright-faced little school-ma'am answered his ring at the studio door. "I dunno 's I know yeour name," commented Mr. Perk, as she grasped his hand.

"I never thought to ask yeou whilst we wuz a-talkin'."

"Our name is Perk!" cried the girl, "and this is my mother!"

Ezra Perk faced his wife.

"Ezra," she said, "this is your daughter!"

He looked at them both.

"I guess it's so!" he said, as he took them in his arms.

Fred Ladd.

GETTING ROUND IT.

"Yes, I've accepted David," she said.

"Why," said the girl beside her, "you told me positively that, if Dave proposed, your answer would be a word of two letters."

The other girl, blushing a little, said softly:

"But I answered Dave in German."—*London Opinion.*

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.—As required by the Act of August 24, 1912. **PUCK WEEKLY.** Editor, A. H. Feltwell, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. Schwarzmann, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Business Manager, E. A. Carter, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Publishers, Keppler and Schwarzmann, Inc., 295 Lafayette St., N. Y. STOCKHOLDERS.—Estate of A. Schwarzmann, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Estate of J. Keppler, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; F. B. Oppert, 147 West 78th St., N. Y.; C. J. Taylor, 16 Gramercy Park, N. Y.; H. Wimmel, Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany. E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1912. **SABATO MALAFRONTI**, Notary Public, N. Y. Co. (My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

NEW BOOKS—"The Hair"—its physiology, anatomy, diseases and treatment—a scientific treatise recently published by the European specialist H. D. Achtershaug, M.M.D. (Norway), has made a great sensation. "Its wonderful results have astonished the medical profession."—*News.* The Book, WITH SWORN STATEMENTS and doctors' endorsements, is sent FREE on receipt of 6c. for postage, &c. Address the author, H. D. Achtershaug, M.M.D., 500—5th Ave., New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. { NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
 SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF
RHEUMATISM
 50¢ & 75¢ at DRUGGISTS or 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



WE GIVE EVERY
 BOY OR
 GIRL ONE

CYCLEMOBILE **ABSOLUTELY FREE**

for a little time and less effort than you think. You unconsciously advertise us while playing, driving or touring in the CYCLEMOBILE. The CYCLEMOBILE is a newly perfected machine not on the market for sale on account of our large exclusive contract with the inventors. It is built like a real Motor Car with two speeds, forward and reverse, besides a neutral coaster speed. The Body and Hood are Framed Steel and second growth ash, supported on a Chassis frame of Rolled Steel angle iron, capable of carrying the weight of five full grown men. The Axles are also of Steel and Wheels Rubber Tired. The front wheel is pivot on regulation Motor Car steering knuckles, eliminating all danger of upsetting on curves. We simply cannot give you one hundredth part of the real Specifications in this limited space, but send in the coupon and we will TELL IT ALL.



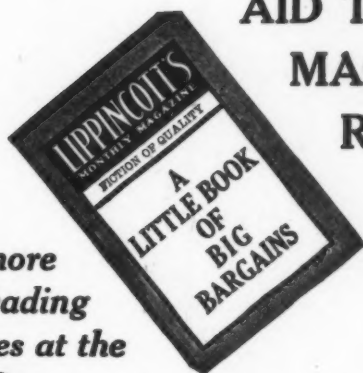
MOTOR CAR PUB. CO.
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Sirs: PUCK
 Kindly mail me full details
 and Specifications of your
 CYCLEMOBILE offering,
 and oblige,
 Sincerely yours,

Name
 Address

FREE

AN
 INVALUABLE
 AID TO THE
 MAGAZINE
 READER



Two or more
 of the leading
 Magazines at the
 price of One

A post-card addressed to us will bring
 to you one of these little books and
 a specimen copy of LIPPINCOTT'S

FREE

Lippincott's Magazine
 East Washington Square Philadelphia

Bar-Keepers Friend
Metal Polish



Geob. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

Puck Proofs
 Photogravures from PUCK



THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassman.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/4 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Smaller Size, 11 x 8 in. Price Twenty-five Cents.

This is but one example of the PUCK
 PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for
 Fifty-page Catalogue of Re-
 productions in Miniature

Address PUCK

295-309 Lafayette Street New York

Puck Proofs PHOTOGRAVURES FROM **Puck**



TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send ten
 cts. for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

By Angus MacDonall.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Address PUCK, New York

"OH, MOTHER," sobbed the young wife, "I've discovered that John does
 not trust me!"

"Why, my child, what has he done?"

"Well, you know, I cooked my first dinner for him to-day and he invited
 a friend to dine with him."

The sobs broke out afresh. "And, oh, mother, the man he invited was a
 doctor!"—Pathfinder.

Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Con-
 tinuation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A
 Story of Small Stories.

Five volumes in cloth • \$5.00
 Or separately, per volume, • \$1.00

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales
 Retold with a United States Twist.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray
 Notes and Comments on His Simple Life.

For sale by all booksellers,
 or from the publishers on
 receipt of price. Address,
 PUCK, N. Y.

TAKING SAMPLES.



MRS. DAWKINS (sampling the goods freely).—An' wot 'ave
 yer got under them bags?

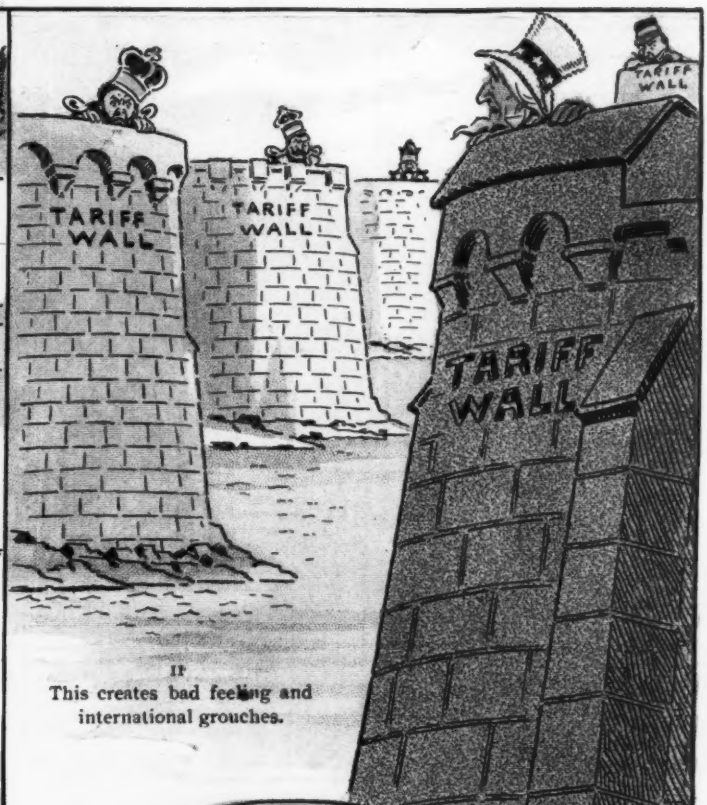
DISGUSTED HAWKER.—Pumpkins.

HIS MATE.—Don't be mean, Bill. Give the lydy one to
 taste.—Sydney Bulletin.

A LITTLE LESSON IN CAUSE AND EFFECT.

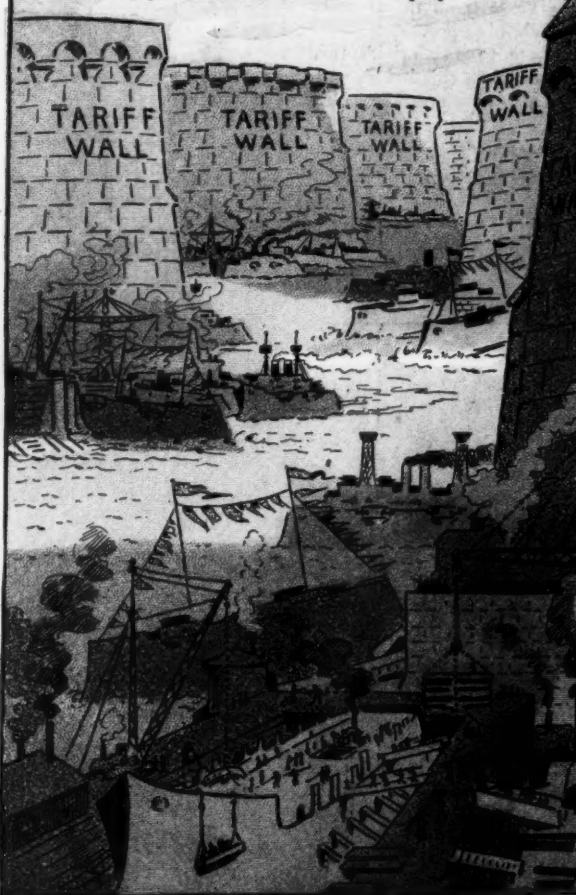


I.
Nations build tariff walls to keep out the goods of other nations.



II.
This creates bad feeling and international grouches.

III.
Bad-feeling makes war more likely, and nations must have expensive navies in order to be prepared.



IV.
MARS TO THE
PIGMIES OF THE
PEACE CONGRESS. —
You may as well quit and
go home, boys, so long as the wall stands.